

THE CUCKOO.

How This Little, Reddish Bird Gets Its Eggs Hatched.

A popular fallacy tells us that a cuckoo lays eggs in another bird's nest. She does not. She lays eight eggs on the ground. The eggs are in size, color, spots and shape in accordance with the information obtained, say, in Leigh woods: Out of the eight eggs five or six would closely resemble the hedge sparrows. The other two might be those of a titlark, a wren or a linnet. Her male friends—about three or four to each lady—now come forward, select each an egg and carry it in its mouth to the nest of the prearranged foster mother. Only one cuckoo egg is placed in one nest. If he finds a cuckoo has preceded him on the same errand he seeks another cradle, knowing in a moment amid all the eggs present the cuckoo pedigree.

The deluded mother hatches the intruder with her own brood, and the interloper, having the faculty of being hatched sooner than the others, is of course the first to come out of the shell. He manages to wriggle underneath his brothers and sisters and presents them as a heavy offering to the expectant rodents, mice, rats, stoats, and what not, and within twelve hours of his existence is the supreme possessor of the nest. He keeps his black mouth wide open continually, which the father and mother of the departed chickens as constantly all until his body is too big for his house, and he departs therefrom forever.

The cuckoo leaves the last week of July. He is a restless being. After leaving Europe he begins in the north of Africa and ends at the Cape of Good Hope, whence he returns to Europe in the spring. Why does he go away and why come back? Food—the food he loves—the hairy caterpillars. He will eat other grubs, but these are his hourly bread.

It has been estimated in round numbers that out of every 100 hairy caterpillars that wriggle into life 99 are devoured by cuckoos. Everywhere nature is careful to maintain her balance. The cuckoo keeps down the millions of billions of hairy caterpillars and preserves our cornfields from being eaten up by hedge sparrows. The cuckoo is a born conservative and as long as he lives returns annually to the neighborhood of his birth—Western (England) Press.

Self Acting Weapons.

A common story in Japan was to the effect that a Muramasa sword was once on a time pledged to a pawnbroker. The fellow thought this a fine opportunity to parade himself as a gentleman, and accordingly on a festival day he wore the sword. Quarreling with some idle fellows, he ceased to use the weapon, but his unfamiliarity with it excited the derision of the bystanders, who unmercifully ridiculed his bungling manner. But the merit of these individuals was short lived. The sword itself took the matter in hand, as though the taunts impugned its own skill, and soon laid low all its traducers. Then it turned against the unfortunate pawnbroker and killed him.

Another story is the basis of a popular Japanese drama and tells of the adventures of a samurai with a strange sword which he had borrowed from a pawnbroker. He lightly hit a man with the blade without apparently wounding him in the least. Some time after the man suddenly dropped dead, and it was found that the sword had inflicted a mortal wound even when it had scarcely drawn blood. Upon examination this was found to be a Muramasa, which, though coming from the pawnshop, was carried in the hands of an incompetent, had thus made manifest its power.

When to Measure the Foot.

Just before going abroad one of the male leaders of New York society stepped into his bootmaker's place to get measured for several pairs of shoes for use during his tour. It was then comparatively early in the day, and the shoemaker, who prided himself upon his artistic work, asked his customer to defer the measuring of his foot until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

"But why not measure me now?" asked the social leader, with some annoyance.

"It is too early, sir," was the reply. "Your foot has not yet acquired its size for the day. If I measured you now the shoes would all be a little too small. Walking about on our feet as we do, sir, the feet grow, develop, swell—whatever you choose to call it—from rising time till about 3 in the afternoon. At 3 they have their full size for the day. They retain this size till we retire, when they shrink up again for the night; hence to have well fitting, comfortable shoes it is necessary to be measured in the afternoon."—New York Press.

Drove an Eighteen-Inch. Many years ago a well known New Yorker, one of the Livingston family, who had lived for many years in Florence, used to drive six-in-hand there every afternoon. He was a very eccentric individual and gradually increased the number of his horses until strangers in Florence would note with amazement every afternoon on the Cascade a white headed gentleman driving an extraordinary procession of horses harnessed together two and two, sometimes as many as eighteen. It was one of the sights of Florence. One Mr. Livingston told his friends safely for a few years, but finally they bored and ran away. Nothing could stop eighteen horses, and the spectacle was something terrible. After that the authorities of Florence forbade Mr. Livingston to drive more than four, and in disgust he shook the dust of Florence from his feet and never returned.

PADDY WHARTON'S GAL

By C. B. LEWIS
Copyright, 1905, by E. S. McGraw

There was a state of suspense in the cabin of Paddy Wharton. The man who had been station agent at Summitville for three years had been changed to another place down the line, and a new man had arrived.

Properly speaking, Paddy Wharton's domicile was not a cabin, but a shanty. It was a combination of grocery and boarding house and one finding no favor in the eyes of the police. Paddy himself was a man who was down on almost everything, including law and order and the railroads, and his wife was a woman with a tongue in her head. There was only one child in the Wharton family, and she was a girl of thirteen who was generally referred to as Paddy Wharton's gal.

While her father dispensed grog and swore and her mother cooked for the boarders and scolded, Rose Wharton's part in supporting the family consisted in stealing coal from the freight cars and lugging it home on her back, a bushel or so at a time. Neither the Whartons nor their ilk called it stealing, but the railroad folks did.

The agent had threatened Paddy's gal many and many a time, and on three or four occasions his assistant had caught her red handed and taken her plunder away and cuffed her ears. She had even been arrested, though the judge let her go on her promise to mend her ways. Things were getting hot when the old agent left. He had set out to break up the pilfering, and Paddy Wharton's gal was returning home with an empty sack as often as with a full one.

The state of suspense was brought about by the change. It was hoped that the new agent might be a more lenient man. Winter was coming on, and Paddy had objections to buying coal. It seemed a reckless waste to pay \$3 a ton when there were carloads in the yard to be stolen.

Two days after the new agent's arrival Paddy's gal was sent over to the depot to size him up. She was barefooted and bareheaded, her face was covered with smut, and she had a defiant gait. She was hanging about the platform when the agent came out of his office. He was not over twenty-two, and Rose liked him at once. When he smiled at her she liked him better. When he raised his hat to her, half serious and half in fun, and saluted, "Good morning, Miss Wharton," she stood and stared, open mouthed. Some one must have told him that she was Paddy Wharton's gal and a coal stealer, and yet he treated her with politeness. She slowly closed her gaping mouth, rubbed her eyes to make sure that she was awake and turned and smiled at her father and wiping her face as she went. For the first time in her life she had been addressed by "a real gentleman," and for the first time in her life she had been ashamed of her bare feet and smutty gait.

Before Paddy Wharton's gal reached home the new agent was a hero in her eyes, and the first words of romance were swelling in her soul. She had delighted in stealing coal under the eyes of the "other agent," because he had sworn at her and called her names, and threatened her with prison bars. In this case it was so different that she arrived home in a doubtful frame of mind. Could she steal from a man who had smiled at her, who had tipped his hat, who had called her Miss Wharton?

"Well, what sort of a man is he?" asked the father as Rose entered with her finger in her mouth.

"Dunno," she replied. "Didn't you see him?"

"Yep."

"Did he yell out at you to take a skate?"

"Noap."

"Then he may be all right. Your mother wants your help today, but tomorrow you'll be hunting for coal. It just breaks my heart to see twelve or fifteen cars standing on that side track and know that I'm not two bushels ahead for the winter coming on."

All that day Paddy Wharton's gal was so silent and so different from her usual self that her mother could not fail to notice it and wonder if she was coming down with measles or chicken pox. She went to bed to dream of her hero and she woke in the middle of the night to wish that her father bought his coal in the regular way. She made ready to start out next morning, but with great reluctance. She didn't care for the freightman nor the switchman, and if a brakeman gave her chin she could chin back, but she felt different toward the agent. If he should happen to catch her in the act of plundering a car she would feel too ashamed to lift her eyes to his. She took extra precautions this day, but fate was against her. She had bagged up a bushel of stove coal, but had not yet descended from the flat car when the new man appeared all of a sudden and said:

"Good morning, Miss Wharton. Rather cool this morning? Will you allow me to lift the sack down? That's it. Now a hand to you. You should be careful about the yards, as an accident is liable to happen any time. Now I'll put the sack on your shoulder. You must be pretty strong for one so young."

He lifted the sack to her shoulder and she started off, but she had not taken five steps when she wheeled around, threw her burden to the

ground, and with flushed face and tears in her eyes exclaimed:

"Why don't you call me names and yell at me?"

"But why should I?"

"Because I'm Paddy Wharton's gal. Because I'm stealing coal. Because I'm ragged and barefooted and hair of no account. Because."

"Oh, well, never mind," he said soothingly. "Things will be different some day. I will give you this coal, and so you need have no scruples of conscience."

She looked at him through her tears for a moment and wanted to tell him how ashamed she was and to thank him for his consideration, but she couldn't find words. All she could do was to run out her tongue and make up a face at him as he raised his hat and sauntered away. The coal was emptied from the sack, and Paddy Wharton's gal went home to declare that she would never steal another pound of coal as long as she lived.

"And why won't you?" asked father and mother in chorus.

"Because I won't."

That's all they could get out of her. It was decided that she had found the agent a terror and been scared off, and Paddy was furious; he thirsted for revenge. Conferences were held in the kitchen and in the grocery, and strange things discussed.

One night, a month after the gal's meeting with the agent at the coal car, he was aroused from his sleep at his boarding house and descended to the parlor to find Paddy Wharton's gal awaiting him.

"They are going to bust up the station with dynamite," she said as he stood before her.

"When?"

"At midnight—an hour from now."

"What for?"

"Because I won't steal no more coal. They think you drive me off, and they are mad about it."

"Miss Wharton—"

"I hain't Miss Wharton! I hain't a lady! I hain't nobody! I'm just—just a gal. You hain't no right to smile at me. You hain't no right to tip your hat and help me shoulder a sack of coal. I—I don't like you—and I hate you—and they are going to blow up the station—and good night!"

The station was saved, and Paddy Wharton and his gang were sent to prison, while the mother and the gal went to some distant city.

"Sorry for that little girl," says the agent sometimes to himself as he leans back in his office chair with hands clasped behind his neck.

"He was such a nice man—and he called me Miss Wharton—and he raised his hat to me—and—and—" sighs Paddy Wharton's gal before she closes her eyes in sleep.

A Worldwide Benefactor.

Alexander Melville Bell was a man whose benefactions to afflicted mankind will live long after his name has been forgotten by those whom he aided. As the inventor of "visible speech," the system of phonetics in vogue in virtually all deaf and dumb institutions in this country, Mr. Bell did more than any other single individual to lighten the burden of the unfortunate deprived of one or both of these faculties. Coming from a family three generations of which devoted their energies to developing the art of instructing the deaf and dumb in methods of communication, his achievements in this direction have left a lasting imprint. The system which he devised enabled those denied such privileges by nature to enjoy communion with their fellow beings and has brought joy into thousands of lives. He has done it all for the lot of a man, to confer such blessings upon humanity. His death will be a source of profound regret to the world, and particularly to those in whose behalf he labored so earnestly and with such a marked degree of success.—Detroit Free Press.

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over 60 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, always all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor, little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.—Ad.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL CUMMINGS.

November 18, 1905.
Pursuant to the order of George E. Russell, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, the application of the undersigned, executors of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the undersigned under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within six months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the undersigned.

JOHN OWEN, JOHN CUMMINGS, JOHN MONTEITH, Executors.

Health! Rest! Recreation!

are assured under the most favorable conditions at

Cambridge Springs,

PENNSYLVANIA.

midway between Chicago and New York, on the

Erie Railroad.

You ought to know all about it

Erie booklet, "The Peninsula of the Middle West," on application to the Travel Agent at

D. W. Cooke, General Passenger Agent, New York.

VICTOR'S
FAND
DAILY
CONCERTS.

Hahne & Co.

Broad, New and Halsey Streets.

NEWARK.

Store Closes 5.30 P. M., excepting Saturdays.

VISIT OUR
RESTAURANT
WHEN
IN TOWN.

LARGEST BUYERS IN THE WORLD.

Our Furniture and Upholstery Chief occupies a position pre-eminent in the merchandise field. He is conceded to be the heaviest buyer of Furniture and Upholstery in all the wide world.

Ponder for a moment the possibilities of a man thus empowered. Think of his influence with manufacturers! Think of his power to attract every good thing!

Wouldn't you, if you were a manufacturer or a maker of draperies, seek the biggest outlet for your goods? Wouldn't you want the biggest buyer of such things as you produce for your customer? Wouldn't you be willing to give him the first hint of anything new that you were going to bring out, or of anything you were going to drop? Wouldn't you send for him when you had lots you wanted to sell quickly? Wouldn't you make the most liberal price concessions to secure and retain his patronage?

Of course you would—that is why this store holds its place in the front rank of the Furniture stores of America. That is why we are able to provide the very fullest assortments at the earliest moment after production, at the lowest possible prices. That is why our Furniture Sales stand out above all others head and shoulders. We are able to sell and do sell good furniture for less than any other house.

There are no Furniture Sales anywhere that offer better values than can be had here day after day.

MAKE COMPARISONS AND SEE.

HAHNE & CO., Broad and New Streets, Newark.



Getting There Promptly

is one of the things we do in our work. Doing things right after we get there is another. We use expert labor and first class material.

We Like to Estimate

on new work, and will be glad to have you call on us.

Arthur & Stanford,

547 Bloomfield Avenue.

PUBLIC SCAVENGER

Licensed By Board of Health.

Furthest clearing to make business to have their premises kept clean of refuse, and garbage can make favorable arrangements with

EDWARD MAXWELL

Office: 15 Clinton Street, Telephone No. 59-A.

BLOOMFIELD News Depot.

EARLY DELIVERY.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

A Full Line of the Best Brands of

Imported and Domestic

CIGARS.

from Acker, Merrill & Condit, D. Osborne & Co., Wilkinson, Gaddis & Co.

GARLOCK & MISHELL

Newsdealers,

276 Glenwood Avenue

Opp. D. L. & W. Station

Old Virginia

STUFFED MANGOES,

Tickle the palate and increase and give an

appetite.

Liquid Veneer

to make old furniture look new and brighter and beautify new.

R. T. CADMUS,

695 Bloomfield Avenue

BOTH PHONES.

Benedict Bros.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS AND RICH GOLD JEWELRY.

"Benedict's Time" is Standard

Time and Our Trade Mark.

The Watch and Jewelry House of Benedict Bros. was established in Wall Street in 1819 by Samuel W. Benedict, the father of the present Benedict Bros., which makes it probably the oldest in their line in this country. The present Benedict Bros. removed to the corner of Cortlandt Street in 1869.

They are now located at the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, where they have the most attractive jewelry store in the United States and, perhaps, in the world.

An early inspection of their magnificent and extensive line of fine Watches, Diamonds and other Precious Gems is cordially invited.

Try "The Benedict" Patent

Sleeve and Collar Button.

BENEDICT BROTHERS

JEWELERS,

141 Broadway, cor. Liberty St., NEW YORK.

PROVIDENT

SAVINGS LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK

Is one of the Old Line Companies, over 30 years old, has paid to beneficiaries thirty-two millions of dollars since organization, and issues all the improved forms of Policies, with broad and liberal conditions.

JESSE E. GREEN,

General Agent for Northern New Jersey. Special arrangements will be made with members of the Royal Arcanum desiring to change.

ESTIMATES GRADUALLY FURNISHED.